

THE RIVALS.

["It is when she has passed the fourth decade that a woman is now said to be most dangerous to the susceptible of the other sex. In carriage, in interests, in thought, the woman of forty at the present day is as young as her daughter less than half her years; but her mind is better balanced, her judgments are clearer."—*Extract from a Lady's Paper.*]

TAKE, oh, take mamma away,
Who for ever is forsworn,
That her beauties may not weigh
'Gainst the charms that thee adorn.

Let her not my heart enthrall
With her dangerous dignity:
Thou wert to me all in all
Till mamma came sweeping by.

In her thoughts, her ways, her dress,
Such alluring grace I find;
Nor can I my love repress
Of her equal balanced mind.

Roving go my lover's eyes
Every time mamma appears
With a splendour that defies
All her two times twenty years.

Take, then, take mamma away,
Let her not infatuate me,
Or lead my poor heart astray,
Till I have proposed to thee.

VERBAL ENDINGS.

A YEAR ago, to wit, before
The General Election,
This everlasting campaign wore
The rosiest complexion:
The Boers were beaten out and out,
Our men were simply splendid;
In short, the war, beyond a doubt,
Was practically ended.

But though the Boers—benighted crew—
Were obviously routed,
Like WELLINGTON at Waterloo,
The notion still they scouted;
And so, that we might not be blamed
If war was not suspended,
We called it murder and proclaimed
It technically ended.

And yet, despite assurance clear,
Despite our best endeavour,
The casualty lists appear
About as long as ever.
When these I see, it seems to me
Quite time that things were mended,
And that this weary war should be,
Say, genuinely ended.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S LOVE-LETTER.

An Open Offer.

LADY, tell me may I love thee?
I've a heart can beat for two;
I will vow there's none above thee,
If thou wilt but let me woo.
Let me prove my heart's devotion
With what grace I may and can,



Fond Parents. "ISN'T HE A FINE LITTLE CHAP?"
Prize Idiot. "RUMMY LITTLE SHRIMP, I CALL IT. HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD IT?"

Humour the fantastic notion
Of a literary man!
I'll not ask that thou be rather
Under than above three score,
Or that thou shouldst have a father
With a million pounds or more.
Some would ask a queen exquisite
To reign o'er their heart's domi-
nion.
I don't. Loveliness, what is it
But a matter of opinion?
Lady, only let me love thee
In a literary way,
With my fervour I will move thee
If thou wilt but say I may.
Thou mayst be as fair as Venus,
Or a lamentable fright,
Only let there be between us
An arrangement definite.

Lady, I don't ask to wed thee,
Or to take thee by the hand.

If, unconsciously, I've fed thee
With vain hopes, pray understand—
Decorous will be such passion
As I venture to propose,
Ruled by the prevailing fashion,
And susceptible to prose.
I shall pour out my affection
In a letter day by day.
Thou wilt have a nice collection
By the end of—April, say.
Letters couched in phrase erotic
(Suitable for calf or leather),
I shall touch on every topic
From hysteria to the weather.
And when, in a dainty cover,
My effusions thou shalt see,
Titled: *Spasms of a Lover*,
I believe thou wilt agree,
Though we never met nor mated,
If the sales we can maintain
Of the volume herewith stated,
We shall not have loved in vain.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.

[It is stated that a Museum of Local Antiquities is about to be founded at Fulham. Other districts of the Metropolis will doubtless follow suit, with curious and obsolete exhibits.]

WEST END COLLECTION.

EXHIBIT No. 1. "*Sandwich-man* (temp. 1900)." Preserved in spirits of wine. This quaint antique was one of the last survivors of a somewhat eccentric method of advertising, adopted by our ancestors at the end of the nineteenth century. Of exceedingly dejected and miserable appearance in life-time owing to the difficulty of obtaining a sufficiency of strong drink on a pittance of one shilling *per diem*, he has now acquired a cheerful and even jaunty demeanour through the superabundance of alcohol now permeating his system.

No. 37. "*Part of a London Bus.*" Early Edwardian (VII., not VI.). These strange vehicles came to be known as Penny, or Twopenny, Ovens, from the singular reluctance of their proprietors to provide the passengers with adequate ventilation in hot weather, even so late as the beginning of the twentieth century. No complete specimen is known to exist, as during the Great Heat Wave of 1902, they were one and all reduced to fragments by their exasperated occupants.

No. 666. "*Hide of a Shouting News-vendor.*" These offensive creatures were at one time quite common in the streets of London. They were remarkable for their throat and lungs, which were made of leather; also for their thick skins, impervious to the attentions of passers-by or police. They were gradually tanned out of existence.

No. 667. "*Coat-tail of the last Hyde Park Orator.*" A venerable relic which represents all that could be secured by the constables who chased its owner over the railings. This sub-order is now happily extinct, unlike some of its congeners of the Obstructive Party in Parliament.

No. 668. "*Grinding-organ.*" Period, late Victorian; complete with monkey (stuffed), and working models of attendant Italian family. N.B.—Any person handling this particular exhibit will be condemned to penal servitude for life. It was only with the greatest difficulty that these noxious pests were extirpated from London life, as they long defied all by-laws and street regulations. The instrument is charged with the deadly air of the "*Absent-minded Beggar*," which used to incite its hearers to battle, murder and sudden death, and therefore must on no account be resuscitated.

No. 669. "*Music-score and Obsolete Brass Implements.*" Supposed to belong to a German band before these were sup-

pressed. The peculiarity of this very primitive composition is that it makes no difference whether the score is played right side up, upside down, forwards or backwards. It was the only tune the performers knew, and variations were obtained by each taking his own time and key simultaneously. The brass-ware appears to have undergone severe treatment and shows marks of kicks, probably aimed at the operators, who doubtless used these exhibits as means of defence as well as offence in some *émeute*.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. I. (Concluded.)

SOME twenty years went by. The school Where JONES was deemed a graceless fool

Whom nothing was excused to,
Still stood upon a hill-top high,
Its turrets pointing to the sky
Precisely as they used to.

The shouts, the tramp of boyish feet,
The masters' houses in the street,
Rented at quite a stiff rent;
The games, the tasks, the furtive Bohn—
All were the same; the boys alone
Were, though they seemed not, different.

Oh, day of days, oh, joy that I
Should be this day's recorder!
The sun came out, the hours went by
In their appointed order.

The Prefects looked like little kings,
And every impish urchin
Wore all the tasteful Sunday things
He mostly went to Church in.
The masters, if some fault was done,
Showed a benignant blindness:
They smiled as though their life was one
Unbroken round of kindness.

The fathers came, an eager crowd,
And with them came the mothers;
Sisters were bashfully allowed
To walk and talk with brothers.
This was, in short—permit the phrase—
No day of blame, no teach-day,
But just our day for prize and praise—
In fact it was our Speech-Day.

A boy came on the dais dressed
(A tall and comely fellow)
In swallow-tails and low-cut vest
To represent *Othello*.

Another, garbed the same as he,
Whose pride it was to own a
Bass voice, expired in agony
As *Lady Desdemona*.
Tell, Harpagon, and *Œdipus*,
We lumped them all together:
In evening clothes they spoke to us,
And pumps of patent leather.
And though (in Greek) they feigned
despair,

And then (in French) grew skittish,
The accents that they talked in were
Imperially British.

The speeches ended, the Headmaster rose;
He hemmed, he hawed, and then he blew
his nose,

Spoke of his pride at being there and
greeting
So many friends at this their annual
meeting.

Glanced, as he spoke, at Harrow and at
Eton,

But held that Rodwell's record was unbeaten:

In every point, in scholarship, in tone,
In sports, in numbers Rodwell held its own.
Its grounds were large, its buildings were
extensive,

Its air was good, its fees were inexpensive:
All things, in fact, combined—as all things
should—

To make it better while they kept it good.
"Amongst our old Rodwellians one," he
said,

"Is here to-day whose fame is widely
spread;

A man of genius, tempered by sobriety,
Of learning made sublimely great by piety.
I was his friend at school; I knew him
well;

No words of mine are adequate to tell
The story of his boyish deeds—I mean
The Bishop"—here he glowed—"of Peck-
ham Green.

He, as each one of you, of course, sur-
mises,—
You know his goodness,—will present the
prizes."

Of Bishops many have I seen,
But none so nobly meek or
So mildly large as Peckham Green,
Whose signature was "*Pecor*."

Fate had not done the thing by halves,
Nor had she meanly catered
For one with such a pair of calves
So admirably gaitered.

On all the best of boiled and roast
His being he had grounded:
What came beneath his chest was most
Episcopally rounded.

He rose, a gorgeous presence, and
He laid his views before us;
His voice was dignified but bland,
His attitude decorous.

"In all you do, in all you try,
Strive for the perfect tense, boys;
If," he went on, "your aim is high,
You won't hit low: that's sense, boys.
When I was but a little boy

I tried to guide each action
To give my worthy parents joy,
My masters satisfaction.
And now—" he paused; we gave a shout;

We understood his thesis;
Our wild applause yells filled out
The aposiopesis.
But while the cheers still rent the sky,
And while the air was humming,

Dim memories of days gone by
Kept obstinately coming.

Somehow, I felt, I knew those tones—
Great Zeus! how shall I tell it?—
I recognised the idiot JONES

In Peckham's portly prelate!

R. C. L.



"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

British Paterfamilias. "WELL, IF IT DOESN'T RUN TO A FOREIGN TRIP THIS YEAR, WE SEEM PRETTY HAPPY AT HOME!"
 ["In most parts of the Continent British tourists are said to be very scarce."—*Daily Paper.*]

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"MANŒUVRES."

WELL-KEPT lawns, and marquees long,
Of Unionists a mighty throng;
See, they come in thousands strong
In the season of Manœuvres.
In "country dress" they're all arrayed,
The staunchest ones, and those who've
strayed;
For demonstrating is simply grand,
With lunch thrown in and a vintage
brand
As part of the mad Manœuvres.
They would sooner leave for Moors and
grouse,
But they deem it wise outside the House
To explain what they propose to do
To settle the fractious Irish crew;
So forty odd of the rowdy boys
They seek to rob of St. Stephen's joys.
If the forty left make double noise,
Well, what of these new Manœuvres?

Yeoman back from veldt and fray,
Yeoman waiting his promised pay,
Haunts Pall Mall from day to day
Because of its mad Manœuvres.
"The pay-sheet's lost," someone com-
plains.
(The same remark applies to brains.)
He's paid one score, but he's got to wait
Before his own's wiped off the slate,
With these muddled up Manœuvres.
But what's the odds? He's only fought;
Just been where the "jolly lesson's"
taught
(For "jolly" it's called in poet's song).
But he's "jolly" sure it's "jolly" wrong,
Though cash is due, he should have to
stay
Waiting till Government sees its way
To follow the Jingo cry and "pay,"
And stop these mean Manœuvres.
HUAN MEE.

FAIR'S FAIR(?).

[Mr. HAVELOCK ELLIS, in an article on the Comparative Abilities of the Fair and the Dark in the last *Monthly Review*, proves by statistics that men of action are generally fair, while men of thought are dark. Those who have the highest "index of pigmentation," and are therefore fairest, are political reformers, sailors and soldiers; at the dark end of the scale are actresses and professional beauties.]

POETS, since the days of HOMER
Down to ONIONS, all have erred,
Cherishing a sad misnomer
Making all their odes absurd.

Briefly, what I have to tell is
From a current magazine,
Where ungallant Mr. ELLIS
Says that "fair" not fair should
mean.

Paradoxie is his thesis—
Beauty's dark, and dark is fair,
Fair is ugly; so to pieces
Idylls fall beyond repair.



WELL BROUGHT UP.

"NOW THEN, MY LITTLE MEN, DIDN'T YOU SEE THAT BOARD ON THAT TREE?"
"YES."
"WELL, THEN, CAN'T YOU READ?"
"YES; BUT WE NEVER LOOK AT ANYTHING MARKED 'PRIVATE.'"

Neither flaxen-haired nor florid
Is the veritable belle;
Figures with percentage horrid
Thus our pained assent compel!
This iconoclast unruly
Dares the dreadful fact to hint:—
"Fair ones" should be darkies truly,
Or, at least, a swarthy tint.
In his scale of pigmentation
First come socialists and tars;
They're the fairest of the nation,
Followed next by sons of Mars.
Last upon the list he places
Those with colour-index low;
Darkest are the brightest Graces
Whom as actresses we know.
Spite of powder and peroxide,
Dark is light and gay and bright;

Ladies will their auburn locks hide
Now with wigs as black as night!

So the bard will sing, when jilted,
"If she be not dark to me"
(Though the phrase is fairly stilted),
"What care I how dark she be?"

Farewell, author greatly daring—
Lest the fair think you unfair,
And, when next you forth are faring,
Hold Judge LYNCH's fair, beware!
A. A. S.

QUERY BY OLD WESTMINSTER WAG.—It is to be noted that Whitehall and Parliament Street are now being relaid with blocks of red gum. Is this in any way connected with the healthy state of the mouth of the Nation at St. Stephens?

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

VIII.—THE MRS. HUMPHRY WARD SECTION.

(Continued from August.)

AUGUST 17TH.—The path up to the moor lay through hanging woods lush with dew, alive with the stir of nature. HELLSMERE'S eyes, lifted from the page of HUME'S *Essays*, fell on a great fir-trunk with its russet-red that seemed, under a cloudy sky, to retain the fire of departed suns. How was that for an image of the survival of religious emotions still aglow with the colour of discarded creeds?

18TH, 19TH.—The train of thought to which this figure gave an impulse was disturbed by a flash of gold plumage. A cock-pheasant went whirring through the brake. A squirrel, beady-eyed and tawny-brushed, peered from a pine and pursued his spiral ascent. Here and there went the bobbing of rabbits' tails speeding to shelter. Over the broad leaves of water-lilies lying flat on the surface of a dusky pool, a moor-hen hurried, dryfoot, like Israel's host, to the further bank. HELLSMERE became subconsciously aware that all these furred and feathered creatures were actuated by a common passion for self-preservation, expressing itself in various manifestations according to their respective shapes and habits. What more natural! What else, indeed, was the human cry for immortality but this same instinct in a form perhaps more spiritual, certainly more sanguine? Could it be possible, he asked himself, that the analogy went further? That the Powers above, in the careless calm attributed to them by the Lucretian philosophy, had no deeper designs on our existence than he, HELLSMERE, had at that moment on these denizens of the woods?

20TH.—And yet with them it was not mere untutored instinct that warned them to seek safety. There had been rude and bitter experience. Pheasants had been killed; though not, he hoped, in August. As for rabbits, they were a perpetual prey. What, indeed, was his objective at that moment? Was it not the destruction of certain forms of life? primarily the grouse, incidentally the hare, and, conceivably, the snipe? A divine shame smote his heart as he felt in the game-pocket of his coat and brought out a copy of the *Canticle of the Creatures*.

21ST, 22ND.—And now the moor stretched before him, sweeping up the long low braes of Athol, chequered with purple patches, here flaunting the conscious symmetry of a draught-board, there counterfeiting the dappled shadows of the milch-kine of Apollo. The guns spread out into line. The dogs, unleashed, bounded forward with drooped necks and sentient nostrils lifted up the wind. Not even then could HELLSMERE escape from his attitude of mental absorption. Though an early predilection for ratting had remained among the most poignant memories of his childhood, his subsequent trend had been towards metaphysics rather than pure animalism. Of a disposition too analytical for the comparative directness and simplicity of vision required in a perfect sportsman, he had sometimes, on occasions like the present, been tempted to follow up a line of abstract reasoning—associated, perhaps, with the identity of his *ego*—even when a crisis, such as the opportunity for a right and left, had seemed to demand instantaneous action. This tendency had from time to time been detrimental in its effects upon the bag.

23RD.—And to-day he could not throw off a certain obsession of mind caused by his reflections upon the *Canticle of St. FRANCIS*. On reaching the commencement of the beat he had handed this work, along with HUME'S *Essays*, Bishop BERKELEY'S *Sermons*, and *Sesame and Lilies* to the man who was carrying his cartridges; but the words, "Praise Heaven for our sister the grouse," kept ringing in his ears.

24TH.—The question, too, of intuition in dogs arrested his

fancy. He derived an appreciable ecstasy from differentiating between the instinct of a pointer for the scent of the living, and that of a retriever for the scent of the dead or dying. How far were these qualities inherent in their natures, and how far were they a matter of training? And why, in whatever proportions inherited and acquired, were they more permanent in animals than in men? Why, for instance, had he outgrown his taste for Presbyterianism? and was it possible for him to revert to it by the mere process of reproducing the geographical conditions which evolved it?

25TH.—Fascinated by the field of argument opened up by these enigmas, he was dimly conscious of the subdued voice of the head-keeper inviting him to "take a point." Mechanically he walked towards the dog, that stood poised like a rigid *simulacrum* of itself; mechanically he advanced beyond it, moving as in a dream; faintly murmuring, "For our sister the grouse."

26TH.—A sudden nausea seized him, to the partial obliteration of the landscape. Was it to be tolerated that humanity, not content with the use of lethal weapons diabolically precise, must needs employ the instincts of one of the lower orders of creation for the annihilation of a sister existence? Surely the whole question of our moral responsibility to these lower forms, whether we label ourselves Positivist, Deist, or Orthodox, was here involved. If we hypothesize the existence of higher powers, can we count it consistent with their Divine nature to play off humanity against humanity for their own better sport? A Pagan doctrine, only excusable in the makers of Trojan and collateral myths.

27TH TO 29TH.—And yet—but it was at this point of his internal argument that the birds got up and went away unscathed. Nor was this all; for the lamentable accident which ensued was a further tribute to the complexity of HELLSMERE'S organism. The desperate character of his reflections had reduced him to a state of acute scepticism, in which he even permitted himself to doubt the actuality of all phenomena. A wave of subjectivity passed over him. Meanwhile he had, as if automatically, raised his gun in the direction of one of the rising birds and placed his finger on the trigger of the right barrel. The natural completion of this action was arrested by an inanition of will-power consequent upon the absence of his mind. The arrest was, however, only temporary. Before he could disengage his mind from the conclusion that all phenomena were alike in the quality of non-existence, he had performed a kind of reflex movement—the result of associated ideas—and pressed the trigger home. This happened—in even less time than has been required for the narration of events—at the moment when his gillie, after remarking, "Hoot! mon; they're awa'," and advancing without further comment, had reached the position vacated by the bird at which HELLSMERE had pointed his gun.

30TH.—By great good fortune, the major and more crowded portion of the discharge was intercepted by Bishop BERKELEY'S *Sermons*, which the man was carrying in an empty game-bag slung across his back. Only the outlying shot lodged in his actual body. To the inconvenience caused by these pellets HELLSMERE alluded coldly in the language of Christian Science, urging that the injury was apparent rather than real; but when representations were made to him subsequently in the gun-room, he cancelled his obligations in conformity with the usual tariff arranged for these regrettable incidents, the scale of charges being regulated according to the part of the person affected.

31ST.—The account of this *contretemps*, appearing in the North British papers on the very day of the publication of his work on Italian Liberty, created a great sensation in the literary world, and established the success of the volume. It was natural, therefore, that his immediate accession to the ranks of the Broader Vegetarianism should have been a painful shock to the friends who had prophesied for him a political

career. Later, his assumption of friar's orders in the Brotherhood of Assisi caused little surprise. The transition was regarded as the logical issue of his previous departure.

O. S.

TO ONE I LOVE NOT.

You came unsought, unseen,
When summer skies grew clouded,
And blasts blew chill and keen,
And fields in mist were shrouded.

You found me, as some guest
Unwelcome, unexpected,
Who claims from one his best,
Who may not be neglected.

And at your sojourn though
Tended and nursed and petted,
Yet, when at length you go,
You leave me unregretted.

I loved you not? ah, true,
Yet was my hate no treason,
For cold I, too, found you—
My first had cold this season.

SEASIDE SOLITUDE.

HIGHBURYBARN-ON-SEA.

(From our Special Commissioner.)

DEAR Mr. PUNCH,—This is a spot, which, according to your instructions, I reached last evening. In these same instructions you described it as "a growing place." I fancy it must be of the asparagus order, that vegetable, as you are well aware, taking three years in which to develop itself to perfection. Highburybarn-on-Sea is, I regret to say, in the first stage—judged from an asparagus point of view. I cannot entertain the enthusiastic description of the candid correspondent. (I refer to the cutting forwarded by you from an eminent daily paper under the heading, "By the Golden Ocean.") He describes it as "an oasis on the desert coast of Great Britain." Far be it from me to deny the desert—all I object to is the oasis.

I ask you, Sir, if you ever, in the course of the travels in which you have out-rivalled STANLEY, CAMERON, LIVINGSTONE, HARRY DE WINDT, and, may I add, DE ROUGEMONT, ever came across an oasis consisting of two score villas, built with scarcely baked bricks, reposing on an arid waste amid a number of tumbled-down cottages, and surmounted by a mighty workhouse-like hotel looking down on a pre-Adamite beer-shop?

The sky was blue, the air was fresh, the waves had retreated to sea when I arrived in a jolting omnibus at Highburybarn-on-Sea, and deposited myself and luggage at the Metropolitan Hotel. A page-boy was playing airs on a Jew's-harp when I alighted on the sand-driven steps of the hostelry. He seemed surprised at my arrival, but in most respectful fashion



Mrs. O'Brady. "SHURE OI WANT TO BANK TWINTY POUNDS. CAN I DRAW IT OUT QUICK IF I WANT IT?"

Postmaster. "INDADE, MRS. O'BRAIDY, YOU CAN DRAW IT OUT TO-MORROW IF YOU GIVE ME A WAKE'S NOTICE!"

placed his organ of minstrelsy in his jacket pocket, the while he conveyed my Gladstone bag to my apartment, secured by an interview with an elderly dame, who gave an intelligent but very wan smile when I suggested dinner. She referred me to the head waiter. This functionary pointed in grandiose fashion to the coffee-room, wherein some artistic wall-papery had committed atrocities on which it would be libel to comment.

There was only one occupant, a short clean-shaven gentleman with white hair and a red nose, who was apparently chasing space. This turned out to be a militant blue-bottle. Meantime, the head-waiter produced his bill of fare, or rather the remains of it. Nearly every dish had apparently been consumed, for the most tempting plats were removed from the menu by a liberal application of red pencil. Finally, I decided on a fried sole and a steak. The white-haired man still pursued the blue-bottle.

I went up to my room, and after washing with no soap I returned to the coffee-room. The blue-bottle still had

the best of it. The head-waiter, after the lapse of an hour, informed me that the sole would not be long. When it arrived, I found that he spoke the truth. If you have any recollection of the repast which Porthos endured when entertained by Madame Coquenard, you will have some notion of my feast. The head-waiter told me that some bare-legged persons who had waded into the water were shrimp-catchers. I only wished that I were one of them, for at least they found food.

Later on I retired to rest. I was visited in the hours of darkness, to which I had consigned myself, by a horde of mosquitoes, imported, so I was informed in the morning, by American travellers, who never tipped the waiters. I fulfilled their obligations, still gazing on the auburn sand-drift, still looking on the sea, still feeling hungry and murmuring to myself, "Highburybarn-on-Sea would be a capital place for children, if I could only see any cows." A melancholy cocoa-nut shy by the station appeared to afford all the milk in the place.

Yours despondently,
NIBBLETHORPE NOBBS.

A TEN DAYS' TRIP.

FOR "all the good it might do me" (and it has done a lot) I was recommended by an eminent medical authority to go to Norway and back—ten days' trip. "Where do I start from?" I asked. "Oh," he replied somewhat brusquely, as, having many patients waiting, he showed me out, "go to Hull." I thanked him and withdrew. I decided on further inquiry, not to go to Hull, but to take boat to Christiania from Tilbury. In this way I should have more sea, more air, less train, less trouble. The next thing was to secure berths aboard the gallant ship, the Wilson-liner *Orlando*, in plenty of time, as during the summer holidays the cabins are "bespoke" quite a month in advance. Being a mere raw, that is, un-Cook'd English traveller, ignorant of the Norwegian language, and doubtful as to generally received opinion that "English and French will take you anywhere" [they won't, as a matter of fact; or, if they do, they leave you where they've taken you and refuse to bring you back again], I sent a merecurial boy to purchase me an inexpensive, handy and pocketable *Cook's Tourists' Handbook for Norway*. Primarily intended for a "personally conducted" Cookian tourist, this book doubtless fulfils its purpose. But a tourist, unattached and unbound, like myself (and Prometheus), by any vows or solemn obligations to the Chief Cooks, will do better for himself if he procure some other guide-book whose line is, to adapt technically theatrical language, the "general utility business."

First, in this Cook-ery Book I fail to find the Norwegian for "bath." There is "*Vant Vand*" for "warm water;" but the words for "hot" and "cold" do not reward my search. The Boots, who, according to the printed instructions on the card in the bedroom, is summoned per three tinkles of electric bell, shakes despairing head, as also does the Chambermaid, whom two tinkles "*à la carte*" have added to our conclave; we all three pantomime to each other and shake our heads hopelessly. Suddenly a happy thought strikes the Chambermaid, and she rushes off frantically, returning with a captive waiter, slim and light-haired, who not only speaks but understands English. He appears as the *Deus ex machina*, translates and explains. "Ah!" exclaim the Chambermaid and Boots, throwing up their hands and smiling brightly, as if the cloud that had threatened to obscure the sunshine in their lives had been for once and ever removed.

Then, "Happy thought,"—after my next difficulty, not worth dwelling upon here, is over,—I write down my orders for the two following days, and confide these instructions to the polyglottic porter of the Hotel Victoria, who, being a first-rate specimen of "porter with a head on," is worth any number of Victorian chambermaids and bootsees, however ready and willing, with a fair sprinkling of nimble waiters thrown in.

Then, in this Cook-ery Book, where are the Norwegian names for the days of the week? Where the word for "to-morrow"? That the non-arrival of "to-morrow" is proverbial may serve as an excuse for its absence from this vocabulary. Messrs. Cook might with advantage add a page or two to their "vocabulary and useful phrases" without overburdening either book or tourist.

For example, this eighteenpenny handbook gives me, among other items of comparatively useless or, at least, superfluous knowledge, "*the Legal Boating Tariff*." Now, how does this affect the mere ordinary tourist, myself for example? Am I going to remain in Norway to learn the language and the intricacies of the law simply to bring an action against some boatman for extortion? It sounds improbable. This, and certain other pieces of gratuitous information, I should class under the head of "luxurious"; and putting these aside, let us see how this "guide, philosopher and friend" deals with "necessities." At haphazard I take an example. There is no form of words to be addressed to the chambermaid asking her to "make the room while I am out." Cook's tourists employ-

ing this vocabulary in Norway can ask for "meat," "bacon," "fish" (generically), "supper and breakfast" (neither in detail); but they would find themselves at fault should they desire "soup," "potatoes," "cutlets," or "wine." However, the last can be ordered by selection from the "*carte*."

Cook's Guide obliges us with "numerals" up to a thousand, which, of course, is uncommonly useful. "Please," "thanks," and "how much?" are all there, "all right" and "take my things." The regulations as to "Close time for game" are most useful to "the sportsman," but are waste paper to the ordinary *voyageur*.

As for coinage in "Kronin" and "Ohre," I learnt more in five minutes from the intelligent hall-porter at the Hotel Victoria than I did from a prolonged study of the "tables" in this Norwegian Cook-ery Book.

Mem.—For "Wilson Line" tickets apply to Messrs. Bott. Name easily remembered "*à propos de Bott*." At their office you will be treated with the most polite attention to all the details of your requirements, and you will have only yourself to blame if there is one single detail of the tour left unexplained.

The one drawback at the commencement is the starting from Fenchurch Street Station. Such an inconvenient place! So narrow, cribbed, confined! Such a crowd of people coming out and going in! Porters at their wits' end! Cabs, trucks, carts, vehicles of all sorts, rammed and jammed up together, apparently in a kind of back yard. Desperate struggles through crowd after bidding "*au revoir*" to the porter who has our bags and baggage on his truck. Will we ever see him again in this world? I say "we" not "editorially," but as two of us travelling. Then we are hustled and hustled on to the platform. (Summer, mind you, and about 95° in the shade.) "Oh where and oh where is my little Porter? Oh where on earth can he be?"—Old song adapted to occasion—"Oh where and oh where has my (anything) Porter gone?" Train crammed. Carriages nearly full: mostly quite full. *Enfin!* At the latest moment, porter with truck and all luggage! Nay, I will not use strong language—so—Bless thee, my porter!

Now then, all in to begin the journey, and away we go along the most depressing line of country, wet or shine, ever devised by mortal engineer, until we reach Tilbury. Melting day: exeunt collars; wristbands limp. More porters; more trucks: on to quay. New porters, a trifle more nautical by this time, as being in keeping with our approach to river and sea, and reminding me of some of the characters so graphically described by Mr. JACOBS in *Many Cargoes*. At last our "cargo" is on board the good ship *Orlando*; and we are speedily shown to our cabins, which seem all "trim and taut," as becomes a well-tried passenger ship that does the Viking business between England and Norway, belonging to the "Wilson liner fleet."

I am glad to come aboard: I anticipate a first-rate cruise: I look forward to a restoration to perfect health, and, with a kind of amateur emigrant's feeling, to seeing a new life in a world entirely fresh to me within the next few days; though, as I bid farewell to Tilbury, it occurs to me that I might as well be going away "for a year and a day," as for only a brief holiday. Quite up to time the bell rings; "any more for shore" return by the tender—there are many "tender farewells," waving of handkerchiefs, shoutings, injunctions to messengers and telegraph boys, and then—we are away!

Suddenly an old song and old tune, not sung or heard of for years, occurs to me,—it is "*When I beheld the anchor weighed*,"—which takes me back . . . However, I don't want to be taken back, but am glad to recognise that we are gliding onwards, dodging vessels to the right of us, vessels to the left of us, barges, P. & O. steamers, and any amount of shipping, opening out to us a zigzag course as the *Orlando* steadily steams seawards.

The next point on the horizon is luncheon at 1.30 punctually. All hands to the *menu*.

One of the *Wagstaff* family is on board, and takes the first opportunity of making himself known to me. "Good ship, *Orlando*," he says; "only why that name?" I don't know: why not? "Well, my dear Sir," he returns, with an emphasis on the "dear," "because, why call the ship *Orlando*, when it goes 'O'er Sea O'?"

I groan in spirit. WAGSTAFF must be repressed. Mentally I utter a hope that he may not be a good sailor. Fortunately, he is placed at a distant table, where his old jokes are appreciated by an entirely new company, and where he can be amusing without being vulgar, as long, at all events, as we remain in the river.

THE COMING NAVAL MANŒUVRES. (A yarn—for consumption by the Marines —of Fleet Street and the sea.)

"It is very serious," said the senior editor, as he read the document handed to him by one of his colleagues. "So the Admiralty will permit no correspondents to attend the operations?"

"It is indeed the case," returned the other. "Although the fact was published in the columns of—," and the name of a well-known journal was murmured, "it is undeniably true."

"There is only one thing to be done," cried the senior editor, striking with his fist the reading-desk in front of him. "We must charter a vessel of our own, and start on a voyage of discovery."

"Agreed!" cried the other editors. "It will be only what we shall have to do in the next land war if the censorship retains the mastery."

"Just so," cried the other editors. And thus came it to pass that *The Lively Sally*—immediately re-christened *The Fourth Estate*—was purchased for the benefit of the Press.

"Now who shall command her?" asked the reporter with the longest service.

"Why not you?" suggested a youngster who had just come from the completion of his education on the banks of the Isis, and was fond of sport.

"Always willing to oblige, but the fact is, I am not quite sure whether I know the difference between a marline-spike and a pair of main braces."

"Next, please!" put in a colleague who had given up the Civil Service for journalism. "What do you know about navigation?"

"Well, not much, except when I am getting up an Admiralty case. Fact is, too, that my briefs belonged more to Probate and Divorce than to the other business of the division—I mean to say, when I was in practice."

Then of a sudden there was a cry for "the Admiral."



DIARY OF AN AUTOMOBILIST ABROAD.

TANGIER, FRIDAY.—"OUR CAR MAKES A DEEP IMPRESSION IN MOROCCO. ALFONSO, MY MECHANIC, WHO ACCOMPANIES ME, THINKS IT IS NOT A GOOD COUNTRY FOR MOTORING. HE SEEMS TO FEEL THE HEAT MORE THAN I DO."

"Well, yes," he admitted, "I have been a naval officer. But then, you see, I have been everything else. When I commanded the North Pole Fusiliers, I recollect—"

But there was no time for a yarn. *The Fourth Estate*, née *The Lively Sally*, steamed gallantly away, and was soon miles distant from shore.

"With your permission," said the newly appointed C.O., "I will open our sealed orders. As I expected. Short and sweet. They say, 'Find out what you can, and transmit same by wireless telegraphy.' All right, we will."

The Press boat went here, the Press boat went there, the Press boat went everywhere.

"Ahoy!" hailed one of the specials, under the rightful impression that he was nautical to the tips of his fingers. "I think I can see the remains of a destroyer fathoms deep under water."

Field-glasses and search-lights were brought to bear.

"Right you are," answered the C.O. "Make it so."

And the incident was entered in the log and passed round for general information.

Farther discoveries were made. A derelict cruiser was met and avoided; four battleships were seen to be resting gracefully on some submarine rocks; and other interesting details of a kindred character were noticeable.

At last *The Fourth Estate*, née *The Lively Sally*, entered a fog, and gently collided with and all but sank an enormous man-o'-war.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted an officer from H.M.S.

"Ship ahoy!" was the reply of the Press Admiral. "We are *The Fourth Estate*, née *The Lively Sally*, from Fleet Street, bound for information."

"And I am Commander-in-chief of all that remains of the British Navy."

"What's the matter?" asked the Press Admiral.

"Lost my way. Can you assist me to get back to head-quarters?"

"Certainly," was the cheery response. "Always pleased to oblige the defenders of our country in the hour of their distress. Follow us."

And the Press boat piloted the battleship back to England, and very properly received the thanks of the Lords of the Admiralty.



"NOW, MIND, IF ANY OF THOSE NASTY PEOPLE WITH CAMERAS COME NEAR, YOU'RE TO SEND THEM AWAY!"

COELUM NON ANIMUM.

Remar Tibur.

Ah, for the fields of yellow corn,
Ah, for the trees that quiver
Beneath the gentle breeze of morn
Beside the brimming river,
Ah, for the silver wavelets gay
With golden water-lily
That gleam a hundred miles away
From hateful Piccadilly.

To hear the birds outpour their joys
In carolling melodious,
Instead of listening to the noise
Of barrel-organs odious;
To lie beneath some spreading oak
No more a slave to work 'll
Be rapture after smuts and smoke
Upon the Inner Circle.

And then to sleep! Each night at ten
To sink in easy slumber;
No more to listen while Big Ben
Some "wee sma' hour" shall number;
To court sweet Morpheus to the strains
Of nightingales—oh, that 'll
Be better than these whistling trains
And early milk-carts' rattle.

Tibure Roman.

All night the sleepless ducks quack,
quack,

All night the cock'rels, growing
To cock's estate, their voices crack
While practising their crowing;
The owlets hoot, the nightjar cries
In weary iterations,
While from the orphaned lambkins rise
Heart-rending lamentations.

All night the keepers rend the air
With tootling most unpleasant,
As Reynard they attempt to scare
From midnight feasts of pheasant;
Anon the geese with piercing cries
Upraise a fearful riot,
As Reynard, sick of rabbit, tries
To get a change of diet.

All night I, sleepless, toss and ban
The everlasting Babel
Of senseless bird and beast and man
In wood and coop and stable;
All night upon my mattress hard
I curse the fancy silly
That lured my steps a single yard
From peaceful Piccadilly.

NO MORE.

THE memory of those bygone days
Brings thoughts too sacred for
Expression in a studied phrase:
I can suggest—no more.

She whom I wildly idolized
Of years knew but a score.
I must confess I was surprised
To hear it was no more.

My love was far from idle sport,
Yet when I fiercely swore
To love but her—she cut me short,
And begged I'd say no more.

Saddest of hours I chose, I fear,
Out of the twenty-four.
I told her what I made per year,
Her glances said, "no more?"

I vowed to take my wretched life—
To drown in grief and gore;
I made my will, I bought a knife—
And then could do no more.

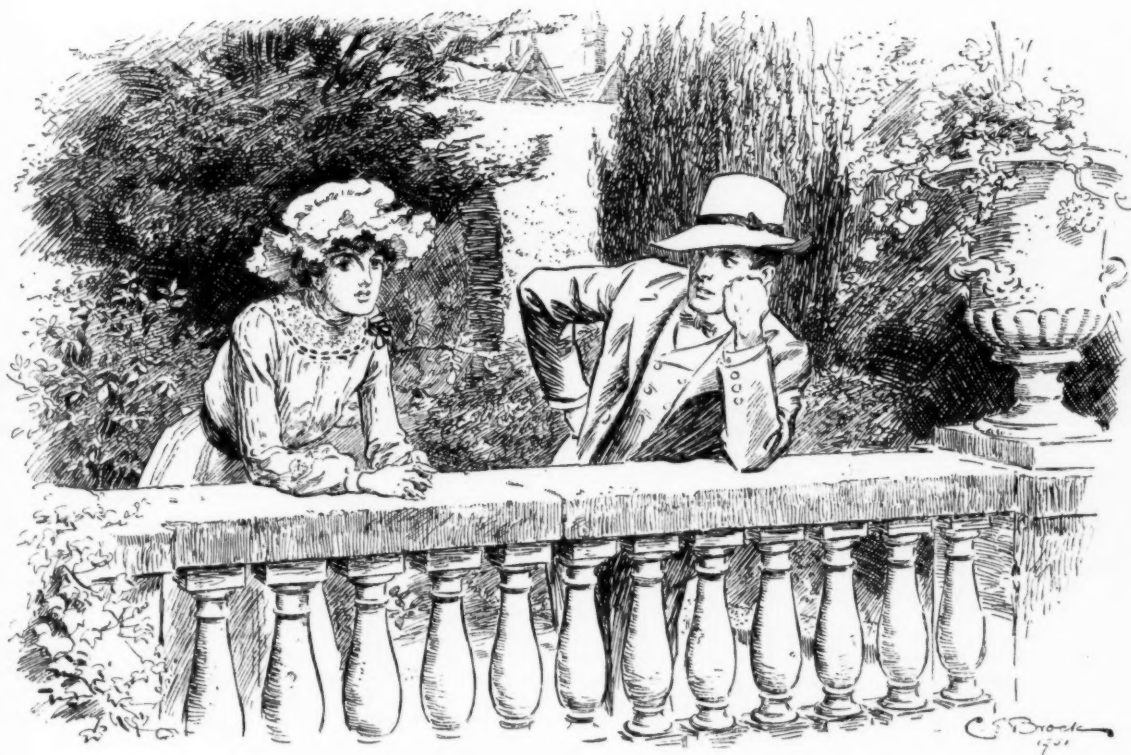
She gave her hand—her shapely hand—
To one she'd loved before,
Whom she soon taught, I understand,
To wish he were no more.



—TINOPLÉ !

PASHAH. "WELL, THEY DIDN'T DO MUCH TO CHINA WHEN THEY WERE ALL TOGETHER: SO I DON'T THINK I NEED WORRY MYSELF ABOUT ONE OF THEM!"





DIFFERENT ASPECTS.

She. "ISN'T IT A PRETTY VIEW?"

Susceptible Youth. "AWFULLY PRETTY, BY JOVE!"

A FAREWELL.

OH, let my tongue your ancient merits tell!
When others left me, did you not remain,
Performing duty for a time so well,
And rarely causing me or grief or pain?

And yet! to think that free from serious taint
You might have lived with me, nor white, nor coaly;
In fact, so near the character of saint,
That when I saw you I pronounced you "holey."

You were so good at first, so strong, so polished!
To think one day you'd play the very doose!
That you, restrictions all around demolished,
Should first be fast, and then—alas!—so loose!

One night I formed a project in my head,
That to my tend'rest feelings I'd do vi'lence;
And so, at midnight hour, prepared for bed,
I held my jaw . . . and then—the rest was silence!

But in my thoughts I said, "I'll not complain,
Though you have gone from bad to worse since youth.
Your hour has come!" I steeped you in cocain,
Grasped you, and tugged . . . then out you came, old tooth!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. LOUIS BECKE is the prose-poet of the South Sea Islands. Across a waste of sadder sea he scents their perfume, beholds the breakers foaming over the coral reefs, recalls stirring episodes through which their light-hearted populations dance and drink, make love and fight. Happily for *nous autres*, islanders also but of more sombre type, he has the gift of communicating his impressions and recollections. His latest book, *By Rock and Pool* (FISHER UNWIN), is full of brightly-drawn pictures of far-off folk and scenery. They seem to drink pretty freely in Samoa and places adjacent, and they catch very large fish. MR. BECKE's narrative of a day out with the fisher folk of Nukufetan will cause to water the mouth of a commonplace angler by Deeside. MR. RITCHIE's Undersized Fish Bill would require radical alteration in its schedules before it were applicable to the South Sea Islands. My Baronite gathers that at Nukufetan they would contemptuously throw back into the abashed Pacific anything that measured less than three feet from tail to mouth, or weighed under twenty pounds.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

PETIT POIDS AU ROI.—A contemporary has been giving details as to the KING's weight. Of course it was gauged *avoirdupois*. Meantime, the greatest wait to which our Sovereign can attain will be that between now and his Coronation.

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)

"IS THIS THE NOBLE MOOR . . ."—*Othello*, Act IV., Scene 1.

THE CRUISE OF THE SABRINA.

I.—"SEA CALM."

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Haverfordwest, Tuesday.—Remote, not unfriended, but solitary, slow, Haverfordwest sleeps at the head of a beautiful estuary. Steamed up it to-day in the yacht's launch. At many points where the woods stoop down to cool their overhanging branches in the stream it recalls Cliveden in its prime. How many English folk, who at great expense and much inconvenience rush off to spend their holiday abroad, have seen the beautiful view of Haverfordwest presented when you look up stream from the old Bridge? I confess I have seen Agra, Salt Lake City, and eke Tokio. Never till to-day did I look upon this old Welsh town.

Tenby another restful place in Pembrokeshire. None of the bustle and towniness of watering-places nearer London. Magnificent sea view from Castle Hill. On the light purple silken surface of the harbour float fishing boats with broad sails of delicate red, terra-cotta, and tan. Wonder whether the boatmen, when buying sails for their craft, give a moment's thought to what shade of colour will best suit the sea on summer days. Fancy not. Mind concentrated at moment on getting the best stuff at the lowest price. All the same the effect most happy; grateful to eyes dimmed in the bustle of London life.

Rather a lively voyage from Falmouth to Milford Haven. After rounding Land's End the sea brisked up in determined fashion. SARK tells me there was in the '74 Parliament an Irish Member who lived at Kilkee. SARK's imagination, kindled by thought of the grandeur of the scenery on the rock-girdled coast; the sea in its many moods; sometimes a boundless expanse of blue, sometimes, in days of wrath, incessantly beating against

and over the rocks. And the solemn sunsets, and the stately ships going on to their haven under the hill.

"You must live among some splendid scenery," mused SARK.

"Scenery!" almost screamed the Irish member. "Bedad! there's nothing but wather between us and Ameriky."

Through a long day there was nothing but water between us and Ameriky. The *Sabrina* greatly enjoyed the prospect. As good a sea-boat as she is a comfortable home, she took to it like a duck. Dipped her head in the sparkling blue water, and, throwing it back, streamed the foredeck with the wave. Some vacant seats at the luncheon table.

"Don't let us forget to look in the *Times* to-morrow and see how the sea in these parts is described," said the COMMODORE, Bart., dexterously catching a claret bottle taking a header off the table towards his capacious bosom. Looked up paper on arriving at Milford. Turned to map illustrating meteorological report of day before. Across the fathomless water over which we had danced, our heels in the air as often as not, was printed the legend:—SEA CALM.

New Milford, Wednesday.—ICHABOD is written on the walls of this town. Created in BRUNEL's time as the port of connection with Ireland, the Great Western Railway is about to abandon its offspring. Passengers and goods now bound for Ireland steam from Milford to Waterford, a voyage of 114 miles. From Fishguard to Rosslare, the passage is only sixty-two miles, little more than one half. So a new harbour is being built at Fishguard; a link of rail will connect Clarbeston Road on the main line with Letterston on the way to Fishguard, cutting off some miles. In three years the service will be commenced, and a new route opened to Ireland, bringing southern parts of the distressful country nearer to London by two hours and a half as compared with the

North Western route which now takes the cake and the traffic. New Milford will be forsaken, and Fishguard will be even as the green bay tree.

BRUNEL, who needs some compensation for the monument erected to him on the Thames Embankment, will, in his retirement, find consolation in the thought that, after the lapse of half a century, a bit of line he surveyed and commenced will be completed by his successors at Paddington. The navvies at work upon the new line, shortening (by straightening) the road to Fishguard, have come upon a few furlongs of railway cuttings and embankments laid down by the great engineer. The company was not so rich then as it is to-day, and the project was abandoned, to be carried out in the opening years of the twentieth century.

"Cast your rails upon the land and they will return to you after many days," says the COMMODORE, under the impression that he is quoting his prototype, King SOLOMON.

FINANCIAL FOLLIES.

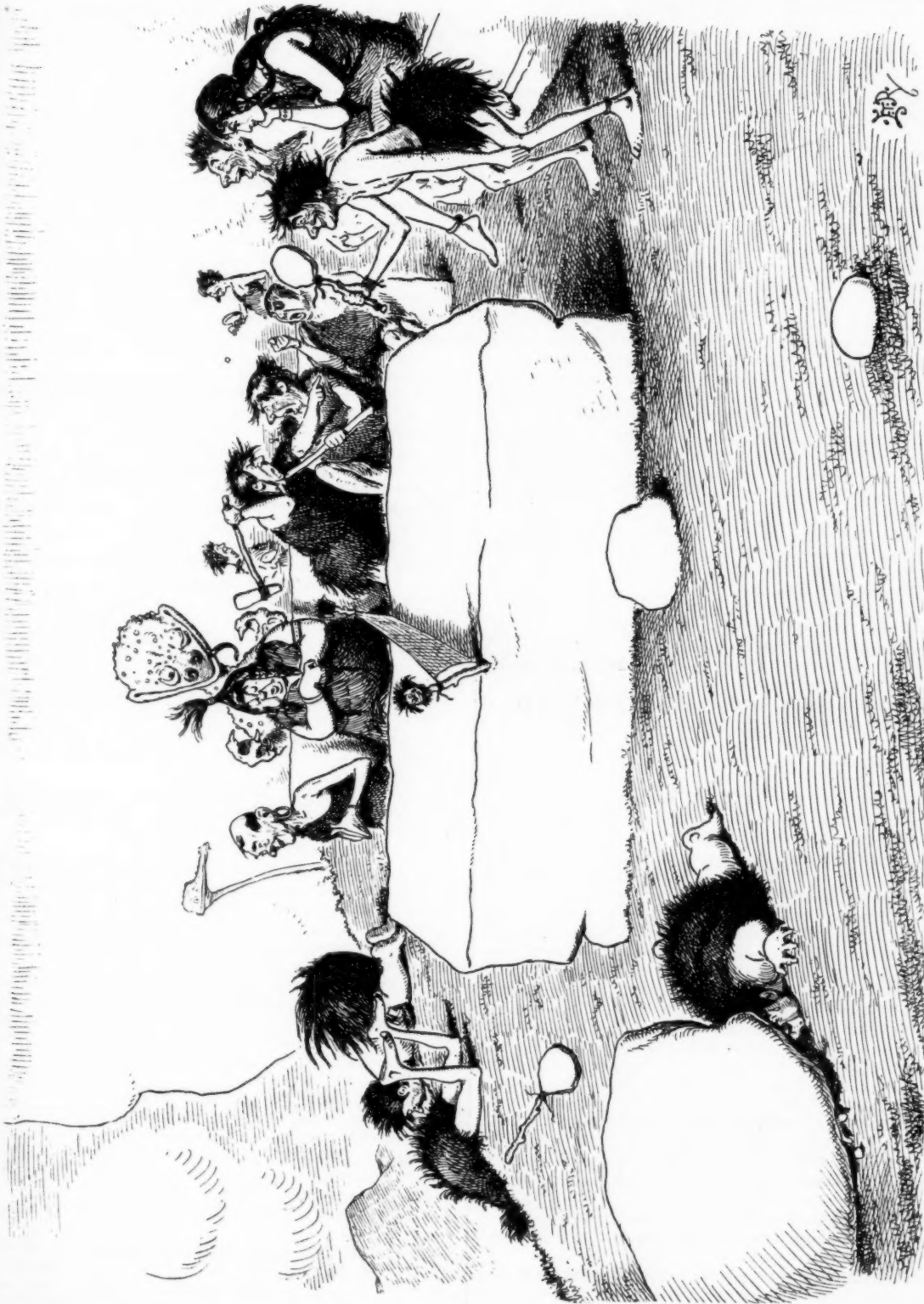
(By Our City Laureate, dejected.)

THE House is very dull to-day,
Its ladies fair neglected,
And SARAHs, DORAs, NORAs, they
Are seriously affected.

From time to time our favourite stocks
Lead us some frightful dances,
'Tis time they wore their Autumn frocks
And made a few advances.

So, SARAH sweet and NORA neat,
Just throw off your depression,
And though you don't feel up to par,
Pray do remember who you are,
And make a good impression.

Oh, CORA coy, and BERTHA shy,
Pray don't be antiquated,
Tho' by expenses you've been hit,
Just get your figure up a bit,
And you'll be reinstated.



PING-PONG IN THE STONE AGE.

MRS. MEDWIN.

BY HENRY JAMES.

II.

MISS CUTTER waited till she heard the house-door close; after which, in a sightless, mechanical way, she moved about the room, readjusting various objects that he had not touched. It was as if his mere voice and accent had spoiled her form. But she was not left too long to reckon with these things, for Mrs. MEDWIN was promptly announced. This lady was not, more than her hostess, in the first flush of her youth; her appearance—the scattered remains of beauty manipulated by taste—resembled one of the light repasts in which the fragments of yesterday's dinner figure with a conscious ease that makes up for the want of presence. She was perhaps of an effect still too immediate to be called interesting; but she was candid, gentle and surprised—not fatiguingly surprised, only just in the right degree; and her white face—it was too white—with the fixed eyes, the somewhat touzled hair and the Louis Seize hat, might, at the end of the very long neck, have suggested the head of a princess carried, in a revolution, on a pike. She immediately took up the business that had brought her—with the air, however, of drawing from the omens then discernible less confidence than she had hoped. The complication lay in the fact that if it was MAMIE's part to present the omens, that lady yet had so to colour them as to make her own service large. She perhaps over-coloured, for her friend gave way to momentary despair.

"What you mean is, then, that it's simply impossible?"

"Oh, no," said MAMIE, with a qualified emphasis. "It's possible."

"But disgustingly difficult?"

"As difficult as you like."

"Then what can I do that I haven't done?"

"You can only wait a little longer."

"But that's just what I have done. I've done nothing else. I'm *always* waiting a little longer!"

Miss CUTTER retained, in spite of this pathos, her grasp of the subject. "The thing, as I've told you, is for you first to be seen."

"But if people won't look at me?"

"They will."

"They will?"—Mrs. MEDWIN was eager.

"They shall," her hostess went on. "It's their only having heard—without having seen."

"But if they stare straight the other way?" Mrs. MEDWIN continued to object. "You can't simply go up to them and twist their heads about!"

"It's just what I can!" said MAMIE CUTTER.

But her charming visitor, heedless, for the moment, of this attenuation, had found the way to put it. "It's the old story. You can't go into the water till you swim; and you can't swim till you go into the water. I can't be spoken to till I'm seen; but I can't be seen till I'm spoken to."

She met this lucidity, Miss CUTTER, with but an instant's lapse. "You say I can't twist their heads about. But I have twisted them."

It had been quietly produced, but it gave her companion a jerk. "They say 'Yes'?"

She summed it up. "All but one. She says 'No.'"

Mrs. MEDWIN thought—then jumped. "Lady WANTRIDGE?"

Miss CUTTER—as more delicate—only bowed admission. "I shall see her either this afternoon or late to-morrow. But she has written."

Her visitor wondered again. "May I see her letter?"

"No." She spoke with decision. "But I shall square her."

"Then how?"

"Well,"—and Miss CUTTER, as if looking upward for inspiration, fixed her eyes awhile on the ceiling—"well, it will come to me."

Mrs. MEDWIN watched her—it was impressive. "And will they come to you—the others?" This question drew out the fact that they would—so far, at least, as they consisted of Lady EDWARD, Lady BELLHOUSE and Mrs. POUNCER; who had engaged to muster, at the signal of tea, on the 14th—prepared, as it were, for the worst. There was, of course, always the chance that Lady WANTRIDGE might take the field in such force as to paralyse them—though that danger, at the same time, seemed inconsistent with her being squared. It didn't perhaps all quite ideally hang together; but what it sufficiently came to was that if she was the one who could do most for a person in Mrs. MEDWIN's position she was also the one who could do most against. It would therefore be distinctly what our friend familiarly spoke of as "collar-work." The effect of these mixed considerations was, at any rate, that MAMIE eventually acquiesced in the idea, handsomely thrown out by her client, that she should have an "advance" to go on with. Miss CUTTER confessed that it seemed at times as if one scarce could go on; but the advance was, in spite of this delicacy, still more delicately made—made in the form of a banknote, several sovereigns, some loose silver and two coppers, the whole contents of her purse, neatly disposed by Mrs. MEDWIN on one of the tiny tables. It seemed to clear the air for deeper intimacies, the fruit of which was that MAMIE, lonely, after all, in her crowd, and always more helpful than helped, eventually brought out that the way SCOTT had been going on was what seemed momentarily to overshadow her own power to do so.

"I've had a descent from him." But she had to explain.

"My half-brother—SCOTT HOMER. A wretch."

"What kind of a wretch?"

"Every kind. I lose sight of him at times—he disappears abroad. But he always turns up again, worse than ever."

"Violent?"

"No."

"Maudlin?"

"No."

"Only unpleasant?"

"No. Rather pleasant. Awfully clever—awfully travelled and easy."

"Then what's the matter with him?"

MAMIE mused, hesitated—seemed to see a wide past. "I don't know."

"Something in the background?" Then, as her friend was silent, "Something queer about cards?" Mrs. MEDWIN threw off.

"I don't know—and I don't want to!"

"Ah, well, I'm sure I don't," Mrs. MEDWIN returned with spirit. The note of sharpness was perhaps also a little in the observation she made as she gathered herself to go. "Do you mind my saying something?"

MAMIE took her eyes quickly from the money on the little stand. "You may say what you like."

"I only mean that anything awkward you may have to keep out of the way does seem to make more wonderful, doesn't it, that you should have got just where you are? I allude, you know, to your position."

"I see." Miss CUTTER somewhat coldly smiled. "To my power."

"So awfully remarkable in an American!"

"Ah, you like us so."

Mrs. MEDWIN candidly considered. "But we don't, dearest." Her companion's smile brightened. "Then why do you come to me?"

"Oh, I like you!" Mrs. MEDWIN made out.

"Then that's it. There are no 'Americans.' It's always 'you.'"

"Me?" Mrs. MEDWIN looked lovely, but a little muddled.

"Me!" MAMIE CUTTER laughed. "But if you like me, you dear thing, you can judge if I like you." She gave her a kiss to dismiss her. "I'll see you again when I've seen her."

"Lady WANTRIDGE? I hope so, indeed. I'll turn up late to-morrow, if you don't catch me first. Has it come to you yet?" the visitor, now at the door, went on.

"No—but it will. There's time."

"Oh—a little less every day!"

Miss CUTTER had approached the table, and glanced again at the gold and silver and the note—not, indeed, absolutely overlooked the two coppers. "The balance," she put it, "the day after?"

"That very night if you like."

"Then count on me."

"Oh, if I didn't—!" But the door closed on the dark idea. Yearningly then, and only when it had done so, Miss CUTTER took up the money.

She went out with it ten minutes later, and, the calls on her time being many, remained out so long that at half-past six she had not come back. At that hour, on the other hand, SCOTT HOMER knocked at her door, where her maid, who opened it with a weak pretence of holding it firm, ventured to announce to him, as a lesson well learnt, that he had not been expected till seven. No lesson, none the less, could prevail against his native art; he pleaded fatigue, her—the maid's—dreadful depressing London and the need to curl up somewhere. If she would just leave him quiet half-an-hour that old sofa up-stairs would do for it; of which he took, quickly, such effectual possession that when five minutes later she peeped, nervous for her broken vow, into the drawing-room, the faithless young woman found him extended at his length and peacefully asleep.

(To be continued.)

RAILWAY COMPANIONS.

(By a Disagreeable Traveller.)

II.

I HAVE known people thoughtlessly speak well of the luncheon-basket. In my opinion, the luncheon-basket arouses the worst passions of human nature, and is a direct incentive to deeds of violence. To say this is to cast an aspersion upon the refreshment contractor, who is evidently a man of touchingly simple faith and high imagination. Simple faith assuredly, for does he not provide on the principle that our insides are hardy and vigorous and unspoilt by the art of cooking? High imagination most certainly, otherwise he would never call that red fluid by the name of claret.

No, it is to the social rather than to the gastronomic influence of the luncheon-basket that I wish to advert.

Once I procured a luncheon-basket and with it came the demon of discontent and suspicion, converting three neutral people into deadly enemies.

One was a pale young man who had been scowling over BROWNING and making frantic notes on the margin of the book.



ON THE LINE.

Old Lady. "CAN YOU TELL ME, IF YOU PLEASE, WHERE I'LL GET THE BLACKROCK TRAM?"

Dublin Car-driver. "BEGORR, MA'M, IF YOU DON'T WATCH YOURSELF, YOU'LL GET IT IN THE SMALL OF YOUR BACK IN ABOUT HALF A MINUTE."

Personally, I don't think it quite decent for pale young men to improve their minds in a public conveyance—but at any rate he had seemed harmless. Now he raised his eyes and viewed me with undisguised contempt. "Wretched glutton," he said in effect, and when accidentally I burned my mouth with mustard (which a sudden swerve had sent meandering in a yellow stream across the chicken and ham), he gave a sneering, callous smile, which reminded me that a man may smile and smile and be a—railway companion.

I verily believe that youth to be capable of any crime, even Extension lecturing.

Then there was a young lady reading a sixpenny BRADDON, who viewed me as if I were some monster; when I shut my eyes and gulped off some—er—claret, she

brought biscuits and lemonade from a small bag and refreshed herself with ostentatious simplicity, as if to say, "Look upon this picture and on the wine-bibbing epicurean in the corner." An old lady with her was more amply provided for (old ladies usually take more care of their insides than anyone else in creation), but although she munched sandwiches, and washed them down with sherry (probably sweet, ugh!) luxuriously, she looked with pious horror at my plates and dishes spread out. I might have said, "Madam, I eat frankly and openly; my resources may be viewed by all. Your secret and delusive bags have limitless resources that you are ashamed to show."

I didn't say so; but the restraint placed on myself quite spoilt the lunch. No more baskets.

"COURT AND CAMP."

(To be read without prejudice to ditto and ditto under proper management.)

As an earnest, hard-working curate (three Bazaars and a Jumble Sale during the last six weeks!) I took charge of a detachment of our local Lads' Brigade, at their sea-side camp this year. How the boys would glory in the hitherto unknown ocean, and all the beauties of Nature! And it should be my pleasing task to cultivate their minds withal—to which end I packed a small volume of poems, published anonymously, but—ah, I suppose I may as well confess it—they were mine.

The Lads mustered in force, wearing smart round caps and belts, and looking like a cross between a District Messenger and one of the Army Service Corps—I, as Commanding Officer, also wore a belt, buckled round my black, long-skirted coat, white sand-shoes, and a Glengarry cap, which gave me quite a military appearance. Our baggage was very limited; my own effects being contained in a large biscuit tin and a cigar-box.

Directly we entrained, the dear lads' spirits and love of music began to assert themselves. Nearly all had brought mouth-organs, and soon we went along merrily to the lilt of at least twenty different tunes, varied by hoorayings *ad lib*. It was all so unaffectedly hearty.

Arrived at Prawntown, our Fife and Drum band was quickly formed up, and with me at their head, our drums banged and our fives shrieked through the peaceful little village. I afterwards heard that most of the inhabitants fled fearfully out into the surrounding country, but noticed nothing at the time, being too nearly stunned by the big drum.

We reached the camp and soon settled down. After our frugal meal—my own consisting of two currant buns and a bottle of ginger-beer—I approached an intelligent youth to ask what had been his impression of the vast, illimitable sea, which had now gladdened his eyes for the first time?

"Fust time be blowed!" (So unconventional.) "I bin daown 'ere hevery year since the bloomin' camp's bin opened. Wot do I think o' the sea? Hoh, well, that's a bit of all right, s' long as yer don't fall inter it."

"I trust you take in the beauties of Nature?" I continued.

"Yus, I do that! You see me wen I gits a chawnee at ole fatty JONES's apples!

—'is orchid's a-bustin' over with 'em. But 'e keeps a dorg, that 's the wust of it. Larst year, wen I was shaikin' the tree, 'e nearly tore orl the close orf of me!"

Next morning the *réveille* sounded, and I marched, the lads down to bathe, standing well up to windward of their clothing, deposited in little heaps upon the shore. What with yelling, horse-play, chiveying a wretched terrier, and two fights, we had not a dull moment.

After breakfast, they played cricket, whilst I read one of my poems to a sick lad. I am sorry to say that he was much sicker after the reading than he had been before. Then I betook myself for a ramble in the country lanes.



"THERE'S NOTHING HALF SO SWEET IN LIFE AS LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

TIMPINS, AFTER MANY YEARS OF WANDERING THE WORLD O'ER, GRATIFIES A LONG-FELT DESIRE TO RETURN TO THE HALLOWED SPOT WHERE HE WAS REFUSED BY HIS FIRST AND ONLY LOVE.

All went well until the fourth day. The lads, with their mouth-organs and their yellings, were rapidly emptying an overcrowded locality and getting the place almost entirely to themselves. But the catastrophe was at hand.

That day, some of the boys playfully raided the peach-house and destroyed the grape-vines of Sir HAUGHTYBIRD HUMPLEBY, and the latter, instead of treating the matter as a harmless joke, promptly called a constable and "ran in" the offenders.

I had to bail them out and produce them in Court next morning.

I thought my explanation would at once settle this disagreeable business; but it

did not. Indeed, a more brutal person than the Chairman of the Bench I never met.

I appeared wearing my belt and Glengarry cap, and was at once made to take off the latter by the Gaoler. The Chairman stared at me and asked, "What is this?"

I blushing explained, and he went on: "Are you the head of this camp?"

I proudly replied that I commanded these lads.

"Or they command you? Which is it?" he asked sarcastically.

Wretched man!

Then, the case being proved, this unsympathetic creature gave his decision.

"Fined five shillings each and costs. And I take this opportunity of saying that the worthy young gentleman"—(myself)—"who thinks he 'commands' this camp, is about as fitted for the task as an ostrich is to climb trees. Since the arrival of these boys, a reign of terror has existed. They break into orchards, steal fruit, destroy fences, bathe in prohibited places, bawl in the streets, fight with each other, and now five of them stand convicted of wanton destruction. The inhabitants of this once peaceful spot will feel that it is no place for them any longer. Most of them have already fled in despair, lodging-house keepers see ruin staring them in the face, whilst the residents have barred and shuttered their doors and windows. And all because this amiable gentleman entirely fails to keep his charges in order. His conduct should be at once investigated by his Bishop—or his Mamma."

I left the Court—and later in the day, the Camp.

CRICKETIANA.

THE best judge of stumps in the world—a dentist.

The haughtiest individual—a good cutter.

A splendid whip—the man who can make a long drive.

A stayer—long stop.

Not a cinderella dance—a long hop.

Quite other than a jockey—the cricketer who "pulls."

Usually more than twenty—a score.

The crusher of a joke—cover point.

Police Court worthies—bails.

Definition of C. B. FRY—the acrobat.

Why? ἀκρός on the top, and βαίρω to go.

—You can't beat that.

No, but ABEL might.

How?

By using cane as a handle.